Is it not as this mouth ſhould teare this hand
For lifting food to't? but I will puniſh ſure,
No I will weepe no more, in ſuch a night as this!
O *Regan*, *Gonorill*, your old kind father (lies,
Whoſe franke heart gaue you all: O that way madnes
Let me ſhun that, no more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Prethe goe in thy ſelfe, ſeeke thy one eaſe;
This tempeſt will not giue me leaue to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but ile goe in:
Poore naked wretches, where ſo ere you are
That bide the pelting of this pittiles night,
How ſhall your houſe-leſſe heads, and vnfed ſides,
Your loopt, and windowed raggednes defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe? O I haue tane
Too little care of this, take phyſicke pompe,
Expoſe thy ſelfe to feele what wretches feele,
That thou mayſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the heauens more iuſt.

Foole. Come not in here Nunckle, her's a ſpirit, helpe me, helpe mee.

Kent. Giue me thy hand, whoſe there?

Foole. A ſpirit, he ſayes, his nam's poore *Tom*.

Kent. What art thou that doſt grumble there in the ſtraw, come forth?

Edg. Away, the fowle fiend followes me, thorough the ſharpe hathorne blowes the cold wind, goe to thy cold bed and warme thee.

Lear. Haſt thou giuen all to thy two daughters, and art thou come to this?

Edg. Who giues any thing to poore *Tom*, whome the foule Fiende hath led through fire, and through foord, and whirli-poole, ore bog and quagmire, that has layd kniues vnder his pillow, and halters in his pue, ſet ratsbane by his pottage, made him proud of heart to ride on a bay trotting horſe ouer foure incht bridges, to courſe his owne ſhadow for a traytor? bleſſe thy fiue wits, *Toms* a cold, bleſſe thee from whirle-winds, ſtarre-bluſting, and taking, doe poore *Tom* ſome charitie, whom the

the foule fiend vexes; there could
and there againe.

Lear. What, his daughters br
Couldſt thou ſaue nothing, didſt

Foole. Nay he reſeru'd a blanke

Lear. Now all the plagues that
Hang fated ore mens faults, fall o

Kent. He hath no daughters ſir

Lear. Death traytor nothing c
To ſuch a lownes but his vnkind
Is it the faſhion that diſcarded fath
Should haue thus little mercy on
Iudicious puniſhment twas this fl
Begot thoſe Pelicane daughters.

Edg. Pilicock ſate on pelicocks

Foole. This cold night will tur

Edg. Take heede at h foule fien
words iuſtly, ſweare not, commit
ſet not thy ſweet heart on proud a

Lear. What haſt thou beene?

Edg. A Seruingman, proud in h
haire, wore gloues in my cap, ſerue
and did the act of darkenes with h
ſpake words, and broke them in
that ſlept in the contriuing of luſt,
ued I deeply, dice deerely, and
Turke, falſe of heart, light of eare,
Fox in ſtealth, VVoolfe in greedi
in pray; let not the creeking of ſh
betray thy poore heart to women,
thell, thy hand out of placket, th
and defie the foule fiend; ſtill throu
cold wind, hay no on ny, Dolp
let him trot by.

Lear. Why thou wert better in
with thy vncouered bodie this extr
more but this; cõſider him well th
the beaſt no hide, the ſheepe no wo
three ons are ſophiſticated, thou a

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